And thou muſt cure me till I know tis done.
How ere my haps, my ioyes will neere begin. *Exit.*

*Enter Fortinbraſſe with his Armie ouer the Stage.*

*Fortin.* Go Captaine, from me greet the *Daniſh* King,
Tell him, that by his licence *Fortinbraſſe*
Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his Kingdome, you know the rendezuous,
If that his Maieſty would ought with vs,
We ſhall expreſſe our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.
*Cap.* I will doo't my Lord.
*Fortin.* Go ſoftly on.

*Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, &c.*

*Ham.* Good ſir whoſe powers are theſe?
*Cap.* They are of *Norway* ſir.
*Ham.* How propoſd ſir I pray you?
*Cap.* Againſt ſome part of *Poland.*
*Ham.* Who commands them ſir?
*Cap.* The Nephew to old *Norway, Fortinbraſſe.*
*Ham.* Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* ſir?
Or for ſome frontire?
*Cap.* Truly to ſpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay fiue duckets, fiue I would not farme it?
Now will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, ſhould it be ſould in fee.
*Ham.* Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.
*Cap.* Yes it is already gariſond.
*Ham.* Two thouſand ſoules and twenty thouſand duckets
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw,
This is th'impoſtume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and ſhewes no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you ſir.
*Cap.* God buy you ſir.
*Roſ.* Wil't pleaſe you goe my Lord?
*Ham.* I'le be with you ſtraight, go a little before.
How all occaſions do informe againſt me,

And

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